

HELD UP, THROTTLED, ROBBED

HIGHWAYMAN ATTACKS OLD MAN IN VACANT LOT.

Edwin Baldwick, 72, Victim of a Bronx Strong Arm Man—Thief Got \$75 in Money—Thought to Be an Italian—Police Arrest One Man and Free Him.

There's another strong arm man at large and this time he made his appearance in the Bronx. The victim is Edwin Baldwick, 72, of 188 Summit avenue, Highbridge. Mr. Baldwick is 72 years old and keeps a book store at 262 Eighth avenue. He was held up within a block of his home at 9 o'clock on Saturday night. The robber didn't show a revolver, but after throttling Baldwick and taking his wallet he threatened to blow his brains out if he yelled.

Mr. Baldwick closes up his bookstore every night and generally reaches home about 9 o'clock. He rides on an Eighth avenue car to the end of the line at 161st street, where he crosses the Putnam bridge over the Harlem River. This bridge runs from Sedgwick avenue on the Bronx side.

A short distance from the Sedgwick avenue end of the bridge is a tall flight of wooden stairs that runs up to the top of a hill. Once on the hill, Mr. Baldwick walks across a lot into Summit avenue. Then it is only a step to his house.

He had reached the top of the stairs on Saturday night when he heard hurried footsteps behind him. The old man looked around and saw a stockily built, swarthy man hurrying after him, two steps at a time.

Baldwick started to hurry across the lot toward Summit avenue, but he hadn't got half way across the lot when he was overtaken. He was grabbed from behind and thrown violently to the ground. Before he could recover his breath to yell, the highwayman grabbed him by the throat.

"If you make a noise I will blow your brains out," Mr. Baldwick says the man whispered in his ear.

The old man couldn't yell then, for the robber held him by the throat, shutting off his wind. When he thought his victim was sufficiently cowed not to cry out the man took his hands from his victim's throat. Baldwick, who was in a dazed condition, saw the robber's chest, he ripped open his overcoat, his inner coat and then went hunting for the wallet he expected to find.

It was then that Baldwick recovered sufficiently to yell. The highwayman tried to shut off the cries with one hand while he continued his search. Baldwick struggled as hard as he could, but he couldn't prevent the man from finding his wallet, which was in an inside pocket. Baldwick saw the moment the strong arm man got the wallet he made for the stairs. Baldwick yelled and his cries were heard by Michele Saggese, an Italian watchman, who was in a shanty a block away. Saggese saw the two men struggling in the center of the lot, grabbed his revolver and made toward them.

When he got within a dozen feet of Baldwick he recognized him. The old man's assailant had reached the top of the stairs by this time and just as he started down Saggese fired a shot at him.

The robber went down the stairs much quicker than he had come up. Saggese ran to the top and fired three more shots, but apparently none hit him, for the man ran over the footbridge like a deer and was soon out of sight.

The watchman's shots had been heard by Policeman Wagner of the High Bridge station, who was on Jerome avenue. Wagner came running up and found Mr. Baldwick still on the ground. The old man quickly made known what had happened and Wagner and the watchman ran over the footbridge, hoping to catch up with the highwayman. They thought he might be hiding under the further end of the bridge, but a search didn't reveal any one.

Policeman Wagner reported the robbery and assault to the High Bridge station, and Capt. Wendell and his sleuths got busy. Before going to the station Wagner escorted Mr. Baldwick home. The old man was bruised and almost unable to walk. His coat was summoned and he said Baldwick's spine was hurt.

He was able to give a fairly good description of his assailant. It does not agree with the hold-up man who robbed the Corniches on Friday night. Mr. Baldwick says he is certain that the man who attacked him is an Italian.

In going over the grounds where the assault was committed some hours later Detectives Curran and Cullen saw a man who they thought was acting suspiciously. They trailed him to an Eighth avenue car and kept after him until he entered a house on Second avenue at 162d street. He seemed to answer the description given by Baldwick. The detectives arrested him on a chance and took him back to the Bronx to see if Baldwick could identify him. He wasn't the man and he was let go.

Mr. Baldwick's wallet contained \$75 in money, a \$25 check on the Hamilton Bank signed by Mrs. E. N. Hall, and a draft for \$10 made by Gen. E. P. Snyder. Inasmuch as Mr. Baldwick is so sure that his assailant was an Italian Detective Petrosini of the Central Office was detailed on the case.

John W. Conish, who was shot at and whose wife was robbed by a hold-up man on Friday night with twenty feet of their own doorstep, says that he will pay a reward of \$1,000 for the return of the diamond brooch the highwayman took from his wife's neck.

ZERO BRIDGE JUMPER.

Man for Money Leaps From Tomlinson Bridge Into New Haven Harbor.

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 19.—With 2,000 persons as spectators and the thermometer hovering around zero Michael J. Larkins, 25 years old, who said his home was in Lowell, Mass., jumped from the Tomlinson Bridge into the New Haven harbor this afternoon, just to show the people that he could stand the North Pole temperature of the Sound. He said he does this thing right along for the fun of it.

All he had on at the time he made the plunge was an ordinary bathing suit. He swam a distance of about twenty-five feet and then crawled up on the ice and made his way to the shore. Then he went through the crowd and collected \$10, after which he started for New London.

FLORIDA, AUGUSTA, AIKEN & SUMMERVILLE.

The Southern's Palm Limited. Florida's sumptuous winter tourist trains. Lv. New York at 12:35 P. M. for Aiken, S. C. and Southern R. daily except Sunday. Two other fast trains daily. N. Y. offices 271 and 135 Broadway.

LOWEST TIDE FOR 50 YEARS.

Boats on the Mud in Their Docks—One Ferry Put Out of Business.

All the wooden piers of the town at dead low tide yesterday afternoon looked as if they were built on stilts like the homes of the ancient lake dwellers. Shellbacks of the harbor declared that there had not been so low a tide within fifty years or more. The westerly wind was at work through the night and morning, as it has been for the last ten or twelve days, and that caused the phenomenal ebb of water. A rumor that the tunnel under the East River had sprung a leak was denied.

Capt. John Bradley of the revenue cutter Calumet, which, with her sister ship, the Hudson, and the anchorage cutter Manhatta, was more than an hour meeting on the muddy bottom of the Barge Office slip, said that he could not recall a time when the tide had been lower. Tadders were used by tugboats to come ashore at piers downtown. In some instances the docks of the tugs were ten feet from the tops of piers. All sailing craft moored in the East River were cradled in mud at the bottom of their docks, and vehicles coming off the ferries had a hard time getting up the steep inclines of bridges.

The Royal Blue line ferry, at the foot of Whitehall street, whose boats are of trap draught, gave up business in the afternoon from 1 to 4 o'clock. Passengers who wanted to get trains at Communipaw by way of this ferry were sent to Liberty street and trains were held for them at Communipaw twenty minutes beyond schedule.

The swiftly receding tide left great ice floes stranded on the beach off the Battery seawall. The beach, roofed in by a hidden wall of crushed ice and snow, on which a man might walk out seventy-five feet before reaching the water.

WEST'S WAR ON STANDARD OIL.

Texas and Oklahoma Talking of Putting Up Their Own Refineries.

DALLAS, Tex., Feb. 19.—The Texas Legislature may pass an oil refinery bill similar to that just passed in Kansas. The Decker pipe line bill, now under consideration in the State Legislature at Austin, seeks to protect independent producers from alleged injustices being practiced by the Standard Oil Company, which controls pipe lines and refineries in Texas.

At a conference in Austin last night friends of the Decker bill decided that if the measure is defeated they will then seek to pass a State refinery and pipe line bill similar to the Kansas law. Another conference along similar lines was held in Dallas today, at which Senator McKamy, Chairman Murray of the House Finance Committee and Representative Helms of the county were present.

OKLAHOMA, Feb. 19.—With regard to the establishing in eastern Oklahoma of a State oil refinery, Gov. Ferguson today said:

"The same plan could be easily worked here as in Kansas. If a refinery were erected in the Territory the Governor has the authority to contract with the management of the oil fields, where the first steps were taken toward an organization which is expected to become of national strength. The plan is to unite the thousands of producers in the United States into an association for mutual promotion and protection against fraudulent concerns."

W. J. Van Keuren of Indiana was elected temporary secretary, and he appointed a committee consisting of J. R. Crocker, Ohio; W. P. Burdett, Ohio; A. P. Cutler, Ohio; and L. K. Davis, Ohio, to draw up the constitution and by-laws for the National Crude Oil Producers' Association.

NEW HAVEN FIREMEN MEET.

Further Negotiations to Be Held Here Before a Strike Is Ordered.

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 19.—An all day session of a new executive committee of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen on the New Haven railroad, with Second Vice-Grand Master Timothy Shea of the national body present the entire time, was held behind closed doors in this city today. Andrew P. Kelly, chairman of the national executive board of firemen and the director of all organization headquarters of the firemen on the New Haven road, was also there.

The present were A. L. Clifford, Boston, secretary; A. W. Adams, Worcester, S. Cranshaw, Taunton; H. P. Carpenter, Providence; K. H. Keenan, Danbury; H. L. Richardson, Norwich; James Garraugh, New York, and D. F. McCarthy, Hartford.

Most of the time, so it was stated, was taken up in counting the poll of the firemen on the question of striking. While no official declaration of the count was made public, it was understood to be about five to one in favor of striking. The total number of firemen belonging to the brotherhood on the New Haven system is about 1,400. In addition to this number voting on this question it was stated that about 150 non-union firemen and as many more engineers, making a total of more than 1,750, were not in the room.

It is allowable under the rules of the firemen to permit non-union men to vote if they wish to do so. These men requested ballots. Those engineers who were included in the poll were engineers who desired to go on record against the brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers for its reported antagonism to the firemen.

Chairman Kelly in refusing to make known the actual vote said that he would cover his own name and those who participated in the count.

Mr. Shea will go to New York to-morrow to confer further with members of the national executive board as well as some railroad and financial men who are trying to head off a strike. Mr. Shea and Mr. Kelly said to-night that they were trying to join that would possibly result in a peaceful settlement of the difficulty between the road and its employees.

WHY NOT SEE WASHINGTON?

While the weather is pleasant there, Pennsylvania Railroad trains for Washington, D. C., leave New York at 12:30 P. M. and 1:30 P. M. for the Capital. Details from C. Studds, E. P. A. No. 263 5th Avenue, New York.

CHENEY'S STOLEN SECURITIES

THE OWNER SAYS THAT THEY AMOUNTED TO \$235,000.

Taken From a Tin Box in a Closet in His Home Near Boston—Only \$10,000 Were Negotiable—Expected to Recover Them Without the Aid of the Police.

Boston, Feb. 19.—The report telegraphed to THE SUN last night naming Herman N. Cheney of Southbridge as the man who had either lost or had stolen from him \$235,000 in securities was verified today by Mr. Cheney at his home. Mr. Cheney says that his loss is \$235,000 instead of the first named sum. Only about \$10,000 of the securities are "easily" negotiable, Mr. Cheney says.

There were persistent rumors in this city last night that Mr. Cheney had called upon a well known law firm in Boston to under take to recover the papers, but it was not until very late that the reporters were able to ascertain to a certainty that their information was correct. The loser hopes to recover the documents and says he does not suspect any one in his house of being the thief.

Mr. Cheney made this statement today: "It is true that I have either misplaced or been stolen from in a tin box containing bonds, stocks, notes and mortgages amounting to \$235,000. The box containing the securities was in a closet at my home on Jan. 17, but a few days later when I visited the closet the box was gone."

"I brought the box from my safe deposit vault in Boston to my home here in order to go over the securities and make an inventory. It was my annual custom. Up to the present time the local authorities have not been consulted by me, as my lawyers and myself still believe that we may be able to secure all the property without legal proceedings. I will add that no one having access to my house is under suspicion."

"Upon discovering the loss I consulted my attorneys in Boston, MacPherson, Hyde & Damon, and we decided to engage a force of private detectives with a view to recovering the property without unnecessary publicity. The detectives have worked on the case without any result and as some of the notes were coming due I permitted the fact of the loss to become known. I still, however, hoped to avoid personal publicity."

"As my connection with the loss has become known I see no reason for withholding any of the facts which may lead to the recovery of the property. Up to the present time the local authorities have not been consulted by me, as my lawyers and myself still believe that we may be able to secure all the property without legal proceedings. I will add that no one having access to my house is under suspicion."

The list of bonds, notes and mortgages which are missing as given out is: A promissory note signed G. Henry Whitcomb for \$5,000, dated Feb. 21, payable at the office of the American Loan and Trust Company; a note on the Shaw Stocking Company for \$5,000, due on May 29, payable at the office of the American Loan and Trust Company; a note of the Wachusett Shirt Company for \$5,000, due on May 11, payable at the Wachusett National Bank, Fitchburg.

Bonds—Kennebec Electric Railway Company, Nos. 121 to 140, inclusive, \$500 each, \$10,000; office 407 John Hancock Building, Boston, coupons payable at International Trust Company, Boston; bonds of Norcross Properties, incorporated, Worcester, Nos. 561-2-3, \$1,000 each; Norcross Properties, incorporated, Worcester, Nos. 494-5-6-7-8, \$1,000 each; a paper for \$2,000; American Writing paper bonds, numbers unknown, worth \$10,000.

G. Henry Whitcomb, whose note for \$5,000 is included in the list of missing securities, is the former envelope manufacturer of Worcester. He and his wife left Worcester on Friday on a trip to Seattle, Wash. The note is said to have been taken up last Wednesday because of Mr. Whitcomb's intended departure. Harry Whitcomb, son of G. Henry Whitcomb and manager of the Whitcomb Division of the United States Envelope Company, says he does not know just how his father's note with the Boston bank was taken up, but thought that a check was mailed from this city.

The Wachusett National Bank at Fitchburg has been notified of the theft of a note of \$5,000, signed by the Wachusett Shirt Company of Leominster, and asked to stop payment.

Mr. Cheney is a son of the founder of the American Optical Works and was until a year ago the third largest stockholder in the concern. He is said to have sold his holdings about a year ago and since has devoted his attention to dealing in stocks, bonds and mortgages. His wife's father is A. L. Claffin, cashier of the National Bank at Southbridge.

TRAILED HOLD-UP GANG 6 MILES,

And Got 'Em, Too—Dreher Proves to Be a Likely Amateur Sleuth.

William Dreher, a decorator, of 63 Palmetto street, Williamsburg, was held up last night by a gang of toughs at Albany avenue and Prospect place. One of them pulled a revolver in his face and the next dragged him into a carpenter shop. There they took everything of value he had, including his overcoat.

Dreher hustled around the corner and hid in a doorway. Pretty soon the gang came out of the carpenter shop. He trailed along behind them to Myrtle avenue. He kept after them to Adams street. At that point he had the pleasure of seeing a negro pay \$1 for his new \$25 overcoat.

Still playing the part of a sleuth Dreher kept trailing the gang until he saw them enter the tenement at 101 Washington street. He stood across the way until he saw a light on the second floor, and then he ran to the Fulton street station. Almost breathless, he told the police his tale. They were inclined to think he was crazy when they figured out that he had chased the gang nearly six miles, but Roundsman Loeffler and the reserves were placed at his disposal.

He led them to the Washington street house and to the second floor. There the police found eight men. Dreher said they were the ones who held him up and robbed him. The man who paid the rent of the floor said he was John Bondon. Dreher said he was the man who stuck the revolver in his face. The eight men were locked up.

Dreher was such a good detective that he learned the name of the negro who bought his coat. The police recovered it for him.

QUICK LINE TO CLEVELAND.

Leave New York 6:35 P. M., arrive Cleveland 7:15 next morning. Cincinnati 1:30 P. M., Indianapolis 5:20 P. M., St. Louis 9:45 P. M., New York Central. Fine Service. No excise fare.—Ad.

NO STANFORD POISON CLUE.

Strychnine Was Put in Mineral Water to Kill the Rich Western Woman.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 19.—Elizabeth Richmond, lady's maid for Mrs. Jane Stanford for over a year, who recently quit her service, tells the details of the recent poisoning of the wealthy woman who was not supposed to have any enemies. Miss Richmond is the English woman who accompanied Mrs. Stanford on her tour around the world. She said that on Jan. 14 at 9 P. M. she was called to Mrs. Stanford's room. There Mrs. Stanford said: "Richmond, there seems to be something wrong with this water. Will you taste it?"

The water had been drawn from a bottle from a well known spring. The maid tasted the water and found it very bitter. Mrs. Stanford's stomach had already rejected what she had drunk. She seemed greatly agitated and the maid suggested that she drink some warm salt water and thus clear her stomach, which she did.

Then the maid took the remainder of the bottle of water to a drugist and left it to be analyzed. A week later the report was received from the chemist, who said the water was heavily charged with strychnine. When this report was read to Mrs. Stanford she threw up her hands and said: "Oh, God, I did not think any one wished to hurt me. What would it benefit any one?"

Mrs. Stanford was greatly troubled and declared that she would put the whole matter in the hands of the police. The maid and others were interviewed, but no arrests were made.

Mrs. Stanford was so shaken over her discovery of the attempt to kill her that she refused to stay in her fine house and a few days later sailed for the Orient.

SENATOR CLARK GOT HIS GUM.

Thought the Subway Had Done Him in a Transaction in Copper.

Senator William A. Clark of Montana, the copper mine owner, lost several trains and came near losing his temper yesterday afternoon at the Fourteenth street subway station in an endeavor to get square with a subway slot machine. Senator Clark had come uptown on an express, and just as he was about to get out he saw a slot machine had begun to work. He felt in his pocket and found all that he had was a nickel.

He tried the nickel; it wouldn't fit; he went to the ticket window and got five cents from Mr. Belmont's agent. By this time the first train had gone. The Senator went up to the slot machine, put a cent in and pushed the plunger. No gum. He pushed the plunger in again. Same result. The Senator was angry. "What business is this?" he asked. "I am a senator and I am not to be treated like a common man. I put a cent in there and can't get anything out."

The platform man said he had nothing to do, in his official capacity, with the slot machine. Then the Senator went back to where he had got his five cents and demanded back the cent of which the slot machine had beguiled him. The ticket man said he wasn't responsible for what Senator Clark had done with his copper.

Another employee came along and volunteered to help. He went back to the slot machine, followed by the Senator. The employee felt around with his hand a moment and then drew out a piece of chewing gum.

"Thank you," said the Senator. Then he took a rush for another train which had come along and reached it just after the guard had shut the gate.

MIDSHIPMAN DROPS DEAD.

S. W. Battle, Jr., of North Carolina Dies in the Hospital at Annapolis.

ANAPOLIS, Md., Feb. 19.—Midshipman Samuel Westray Battle, Jr., second class, son of Surgeon Samuel W. Battle of Asheville, N. C., a retired naval officer, dropped dead, at the academy to-day. Death was due to heart failure and came just as the brigade of midshipmen were assembling for the regular dinner formation and when the grounds were filled with the usual Navy Academy visitors, among whom were many young girls from other cities who had attended the hop last night.

Young Battle had just taken his appointed place as third petty officer of the Ninth Company, Second Battalion, when he was seen to stagger and fall before any one could reach him. He was taken at once to the academy hospital, where a hasty examination showed that he was dead when picked up.

Midshipman Battle entered the Naval Academy from Asheville, N. C., on Aug. 29, 1902, and since that time had taken a prominent place among his classmates. He was a member of the hop committee both last year and this year, and last year pulled stroke oar on the varsity eight. The trouble with his heart developed during the past summer and for this reason he did not come out for the crew again this year.

SAYS HE WAS THROWN ON FIRE.

Max Spitz's Story Leads to the Arrest of a Central Watchman.

A man who was badly burned about the face and hands called at the Morrisania police station yesterday and told Sgt. McLaughlin that he wanted to make a complaint against a man who had poured kerosene oil on him and then threw him on a fire.

"I'm Max Spitz of 563 East 135th street," he said, "and I am a car cleaner employed in the New York Central yards at Melrose. Thursday afternoon I was in the round house in the Melrose freight yards when I got into an argument with another man. He poured kerosene oil over me and then threw me on a blacksmith's fire, where I got my burns. I've been drinking rum ever since to get rid of the pain and I only sobered up enough a short while ago to remember that I ought to make a complaint."

Spitz said that the man who threw oil on him was Henry Reiffenhefer, a watchman employed at the freight yards. Spitz was so badly burned that he had to be taken to a hospital by an ambulance from the Lehighon Hospital. The ambulance surgeon said that Spitz was a fit subject for the hospital and he was taken there yesterday. The police then arrested Reiffenhefer.

He says that Spitz was drunk and in a reel around the blacksmith shop fell on a pile of kerosene oil and caught fire. The watchman up the police telephoned to the hospital to learn the extent of Spitz's burns. After getting to the hospital Spitz refused to stay there and he left. At last accounts the police were searching for him.

WASHINGTON'S THIRDAID SPECIAL.

From Atlantic City via Pennsylvania R. R., Feb. 22, 1905. Leave Atlantic City 5:30 P. M., arrive New York 11:30 P. M. Stopovers at Philadelphia, Harrisburg, and New York. Through train to New York. Leave New York 7:30 A. M., arrive Atlantic City 1:30 P. M. Stopovers at Philadelphia, Harrisburg, and New York. Through train to Atlantic City. Fine Service. No excise fare.—Ad.

WINDFALL FOR QUILT MAKER.

MAX AN HEIR TO BIG FORTUNE OLD BEGGAR LEFT IN FRANCE.

Will Invest Money in Brownsville Real Estate—No Longer Talks About Equal Distribution of Wealth Since He Heard of the \$300,000 in Rothschild's Bank.

About 2:30 P. M. seventy-seven years ago Tuesday week, little Abie Fidler was playing in a street of Odessa, Southern Russia. Along came a party of Constantinowites and kidnapped him. The witzens were named in honor of the Grand Duke Constantine, who despised the plain people and died of cholera. Their job was to steal little Jewish boys and put them in the army, so that they would forget their religion.

When Abie's father counted noses at supper that evening, one was missing.

"Very annoying," he said. "But I suppose the Little Father has used him." After which he cut the black loaf into eleven sections instead of twelve, as was his wont.

Service in the Russian Army was at that time a matter of twenty-one years, but nobody knows how long Abraham Fidler stayed on the job.

Turned up in Nice, France, about twenty years ago, Max Fidler, who had applied to the Russian consul for aid, Russia helps its distressed when they are forty enough to live abroad and Fidler got about \$10 every month at the consulate. He begged from house to house in the daytime and did a tin cup turn on street corners at night.

It must have been rare graft, for presently the Paris branch of the Rothschilds began to get large sums of money from Fidler. He got dressed in his name. Last August he fell ill, and when informed that the services of a physician would cost at least five francs he turned his face to the wall and died. He probably suspected what was coming on, for he left a will. It consisted of a letter to Baron Auguste Rothschild and contained, outside of the address and signature, these four words:

"Gelt geht zu gelt." (Money goes to money.)

The Baron learned that Fidler had 2,000,000 francs on deposit and appreciated the rare humor of the ninety-year-old beggar, but declined to take advantage of it. His agents investigated Fidler's case and came upon his brother, Jacob Samuel Fidler, in Odessa.

Jacob has seven daughters and one son. The son is Max Fidler of 83 Cook street, Brooklyn, and all the other heirs have assigned their claims to him, to make the matter of collection easier. He hears that 500,000 francs has been paid to other heirs, but that the Rothschilds will hold the rest of the fortune for him and his father and sisters.

Max Fidler is 31 years old. He works at a quilt making, and when business is good makes as much as \$10 a week, with which he supports his large family. He has a black pompadour and, until the last few months, was an enthusiastic socialist. His lawyer, Jacob Cebulsky of 271 East Broadway, says that Fidler has made very few remarks about the equal distribution of wealth since he heard of the 2,000,000 francs.

Mr. Cebulsky says there is no doubt that the fortune exists and that the Fidler will get it. He is too busy to go to France, so he wrote to Maître Labori, who defended Dreyfus, and Labori has consented to do the foreign work on a 15 per cent. basis. Lawyer Cebulsky's fee is also contingent. He asked Labori to help him because most of the lawyers in France won't take cases except for cash on the nail.

Fidler with enough money to go to Paris in July. He has a copy of Fidler's birth certificate, establishing the relationship with the rich beggar.

SUICIDE FROM FERRYBOAT.

Man Jumps Off the Montclair as She Nears Hoboken Slip.

A thick set, fairly well dressed man of about 45 years committed suicide early yesterday morning by jumping from the Montclair ferryboat. The man was seen by the Hoboken slip.

Capt. Alonzo R. Smith had twice ordered the man put off the boat in the morning because he persisted in riding back and forth and seemed to be at a loss to know just what he wanted to do. He came back, however, paid another fare and boarded the boat again.

Charles Castorin of 97 Reservoir avenue, Jersey City, noticed the man acting queerly from the time the boat left her Manhattan slip at 7:15. He was short, smooth faced and bald headed, and seemed to be very nervous. He walked along the port side of the boat, looking first down into the water and then around at the passengers.

When the Montclair was about 100 feet out from her berth and was running under momentum the man jumped to the port rail and seemed to get overboard. Castorin grabbed at him, but missed, and he fell with a splash into the water. Some of the deckhands who saw it shouted to the engine room to get overboard.

The boat backed out, leaving the man struggling viciously in the rough wake.

Then the tug Henry T. Heath came opposite and Capt. Smith signalled for help. The tug stopped and turned in. Boathooks were thrown out and the man was finally brought to the deck of the tug unconscious. All efforts to revive him were fruitless and he died within half an hour without regaining consciousness.

The body was transferred to the ferryboat, then to the Hoboken police station, and later taken to the morgue. Nothing was found in the pockets that offered any clue to the identity of the man.

J. P. Rodere, a six foot bricklayer, of 38 Newark street, Hoboken, tried twice to jump from the Montclair yesterday morning by jumping from the Hoboken ferryboat. Scranton while in midstream. Both times he was saved by the deckhands.

SHE WANTS TO CARRY A PISTOL.

Miss Hoynton Was Held Up at the Point of a Gun in Her Mother's Store.

Miss Alma Hoynton of 425 Summer avenue, Brooklyn, wants permission to carry a revolver. She alleges that while on duty at her mother's music store on Friday morning a young man entered and after thrusting a revolver in her face demanded her jewelry. She ran to the street and screamed for assistance.

LARGE FIRE IN INDIANAPOLIS.

Part of Business Block and Three Hotels Destroyed—Loss Over \$1,000,000.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 19.—Fire which started at 10 o'clock to-night in the wholesale millinery house of Fahney and McCrea, 350 South Meridian street, in a few moments spread to other buildings and in an hour four wholesale houses, three hotels and the United States express office building were totally destroyed.

The origin of the fire is unknown, but it was preceded by a slight explosion, followed almost instantly by fire bursting from the windows on the second floor. A large stock of Easter millinery furnished excellent fuel and the flames spread rapidly to adjoining buildings.

The hotels burned were the Sherman House, the Savoy and the St. Charles Hotel. Making the circuit of the square along West Louisiana street the flames began to eat into the rear of the buildings which were on fire in front on Meridian street, thus enveloping more than a quarter of the block. The wholesale liquor house of Dolmetch & Co. caught and barrel after barrel of liquor exploded within the building.

The firemen directed their efforts to prevent the fire from crossing the alley which divides the square, and in this they were successful.

The estimated loss on the several buildings and stocks is \$915,000, not including the three hotels, which were completely destroyed. The loss on these will carry the total over \$1,000,000.

SCHAEFFER'S HAND BROKEN.

Accident to the "Wizard" Billiard Player Puts Him Out of the Game.

PITTSBURGH, Feb. 19.—Jake Schaeffer, the "wizard" billiard player, slipped on a bit of ice on the steps of the residence of George Meyer, in Edgewood, a suburb, to-night. His right hand was shattered, his little finger being broken, and a great gash made in his hand between the thumb and the index finger.

Six stitches were required to close the wound and Dr. Ford said it would be many months before the billiard player would be able to put his hand to a cue.

ALARMED AT A PINPRICK.

New York Woman, Guest of the Wideners, Hurries Home From Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 19.—Refusing the aid of Philadelphia physicians, a New York woman, who for three weeks has been a guest of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. B. Widener at their residence in Ogontz, hurried to New York to-day so that her own physician might attend to a wound near her neck made by a pin.

The young woman is a friend of Mrs. Joseph Widener.

Yesterday morning she was returning a brooch with a long pin as her throat aches in some manner thrust the pin deep into her neck.